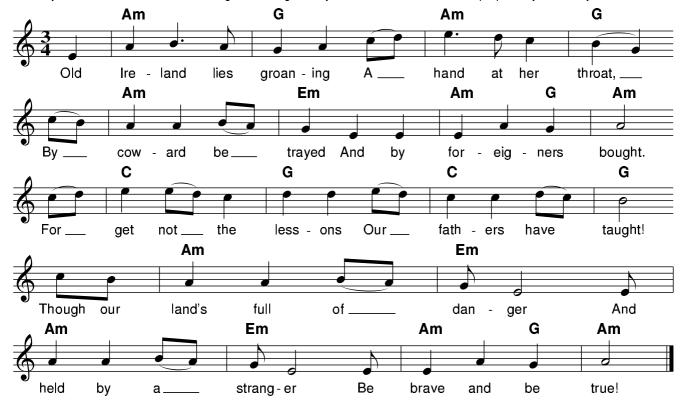
Old Ireland Lies Groaning

collected by Frank Clune and set to "An Emigrant's Daughter" by Dave Johnson 2018. It was purportedly written by Jack Donahoe.



We'll take to the hills
Like the bandits of old,
When Rome was first founded
By warriors bold,
Who knew how to plunder
The rich of their gold;
A life full of danger,
With Jack the bushranger –
The bold Donahoo.

We've left dear old Ireland's
Hospitable shores –
The land of the Emmets,
The Tones and the Moores,
Sweet liberty o'er us
Her scalding tear pours.
She points to the manger,
Where Christ was a stranger –
And perished for you.

You may hurl us to crime And brand us with shame; But you never will catch us, Our spirit to tame; For we'll fight to the last In old Ireland's sweet name, And we are bushrangers Who care not for dangers – With bold Donahoo!